

Elements of Life

At birth, my mother and father chose not to keep me. That is a significant event for a newborn, and it meant no unconditional love in my formative years. It also meant my chance of being raised in a family as a bona fide family member evaporated. The details of my first five years, and then the following twelve, can be found in other places, and mentioning this here acts only as a placeholder for the bigger question about what we can control and what controls what we can't control.

Growing up, I made lists in my head of those I distrusted, trusted, friends, and those I loved. The list of those I actively distrusted was simple, though long, and included every adult I didn't know and some that I did know, and it still does. I learned, quite quickly, to distrust all children, too, as their sphere of influence had already molded them into something, and often, that something repulsed me, but not in a nasty way; they were just kids I didn't want to hang out with. This may sound negative, or that I was unhappy, but the opposite is true. My belief that I should trust people until they proved untrustworthy was an innate character flaw I had to kill. Killing my naive trust allowed me to stop trusting without proof. I, at once, began to feel happier and safer. The other lists, those I trusted, friends, and loves, were spectacularly short, and still are.

Right or wrong, every person I came into contact with, whether old or new, now needed to pass my tests, and until then, I didn't trust them. The part of me that once trusted others and to whom I gave my complete faith and withdrew all doubts about their authenticity had gotten broken, and I couldn't and wouldn't trust anyone again until I graded the tests I handed out. Passing my tests for my trust required at least a grade of A, and that's how it still is.

I don't tell anyone any of this, so my secret is safe, as is my happiness.

I made these tests my terms for me knowing others and others knowing me. There is no coercion or bullying, just acceptance or rejection. My terms for friendship and love allow my happiness and my creativity to flourish, and when those flourish, so does my optimism.

My second-longest list is my list of acquaintances. I like my acquaintances; we usually have fun and laugh a lot.

One might ask if I get lonely. In a deep, dark time, while feeling desperately alone, I asked the Creator for a hug. As I sat alone, I relaxed and began to feel a warm, encompassing energy surround me. The warmth was subtle like the sun breaking through the fog on a summer morning. The feelings I felt were tender and caring, and I immediately felt the love I had asked for. I was being hugged by a force of love and caring I had never consciously felt before, and I was no longer alone.

We can ask the Creator of all things for anything.

The End.

Written by Peter Skeels © 4-9-2024